

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposd them; fir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuicous with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I knowe, loue is begunn by time,
And that I see in passages of prooffe;
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend thirsts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
To shoue your selfe indeede your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarise,
Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,
Wee'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing.

Prince of Denmark

Will not peruse the foyles, so that wit
Or with a little shuffling, you may ch
A sword vnated, and in a pace of pr
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,

And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sw
I bought an vnction of a Mountiban
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplas
Collected from all simples that haue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thir
That is but scratche withall, Ile tutch
With this contagion, that if I gall hi

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conuenience both of time
May fit vs to our shape if this should
And that our drift looke through ou
Twere better not assayd, therefore
Should haue a back or second that
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let m
Wee'll make a solemne wager on y
I hate, when in your motion you an
As make your bouts more violent
And that he calls for drinke, Ile ha
A Challice for the nonce, whereon
If he by chaunce escape your venor
Our purpose may hold there; but

Enter Queen

Quee. One woe doth tread vpo
So fast they follow; your Sisters d

Laer. Drown'd, o where?

Quee. There is a Willow grow
That shoues his horry leaues in th
Therewith fantastique garlands di
Of Crowflowes, Nettles, Daises,
That liberall Shepheards giue a g
But our cull-cold maydes doe dea
There on the pendant boughes h

Will